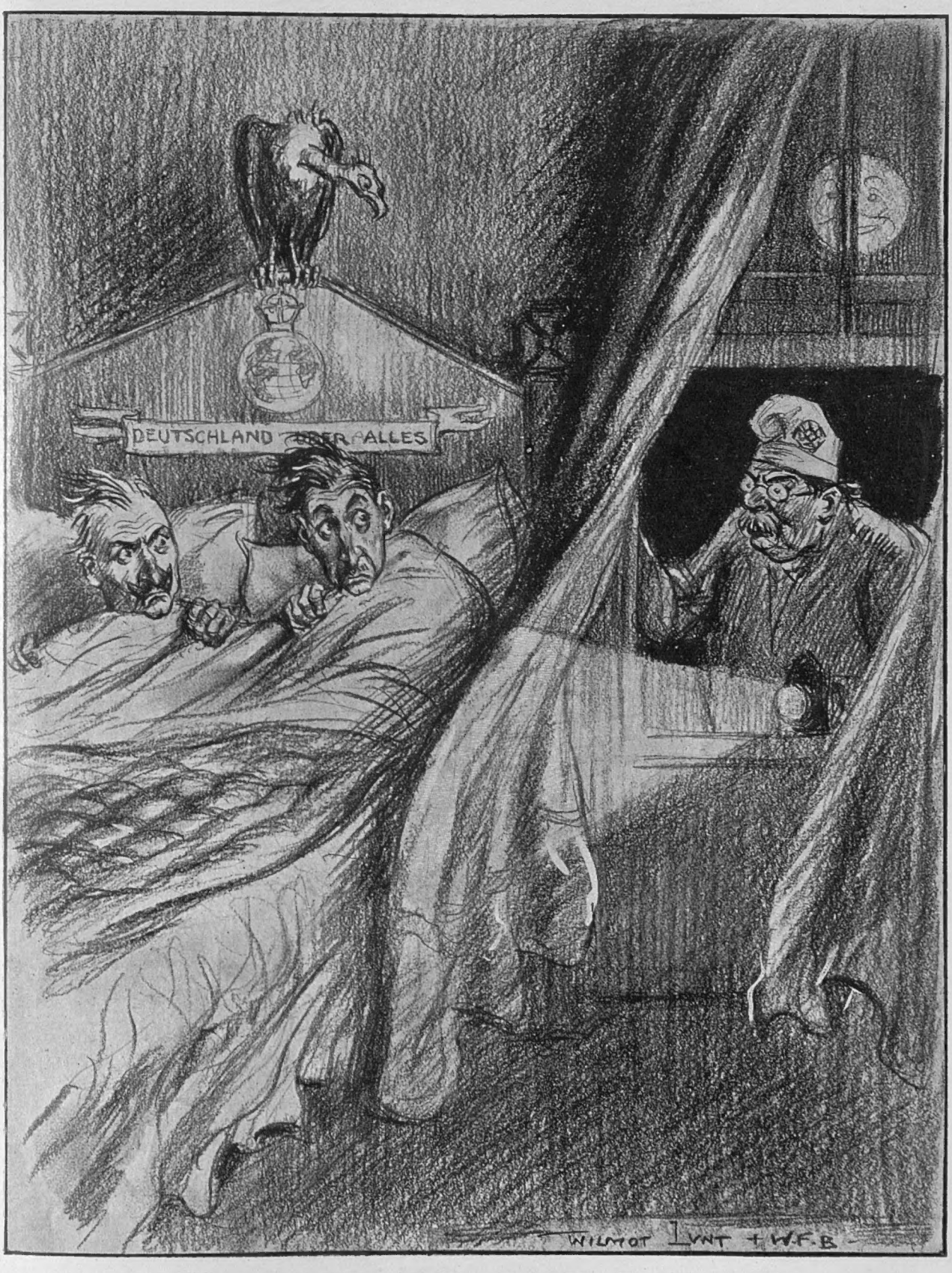
The Bystander, February 13, 1918.—No. 741. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

LITTLE WILLIE: "Papa, I feel a draught! Don't you?"
PAPA: "Never mind, Willie; it was only Hot Air!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Grain and Oil

If the Central Powers succeed in forcing peace upon Rumania in the same way as they have apparently carried through their deal with the Ukraine, it will, no doubt, be a considerable heartener to the pinched populations of Germany and Austria. Prospects of grain in unlimited quantities from the Ukraine will be pleasant for the civilians and of oil from Rumania for the military authorities. And it is difficult to see how Rumania can possibly avoid the pressure. Absolutely isolated as she now is, she could hardly, in any event, offer any effectual or prolonged resistance to further attack. It is a thoroughly unsatisfactory ending to the chapter of our Mid-Eastern diplomacy, and one only in part attributable to the collapse of Russia.

Prohibitionists Active

One of the strangest phenomena of the war is the activity of the Total Prohibition party who are appealing for funds to enable them to publish indifferent cartoons suggesting that the man who takes a glass of beer is stabbing his brother at the front in the back, or something of that sort. To take advantage of the strain of war to foist one's fad on an unwilling public at other people's expense must be about as mean a method of propaganda as can well be imagined. It only remains for the Vegetarians to claim that by receiving the ships that bring us meat from abroad (a totally unnecessary article of diet from their point of view) you and I are robbing the widow and the orphan of their daily bread.

Orders and Hoarders

Monday was a day of desperation to many housewives. Also, doubtless, to many husbands, called in for the first time in their lives to explain to harassed housekeepers the meaning of the Food Ministry's Order with regard to the buying power of the coupon. It was unkind of the Food Controller to start off with "12½ oz. of poultry or any bird, uncooked, without feathers, but including offal." "Offal" is an unkind term for such a delicacy as a chicken's liver, isn't it? And "without feathers"! I trust it will yet be some time before we have to eat the feathers! Meanwhile it's Food-Hoarders' Week: and the local Food Committees will, no doubt, be considerably surprised at some of the quarters from which consignments may be expected to arrive.

OUR SOLDIER PRINCE

The Prince of Wales, home from the front on leave, gets into mufti and takes a brisk walk in the Park, looking very well and hearty

Our Bolos in Britain

There is a thrilling rumour that the Bolo drama in Paris may be re-staged here before the world is much older. Discoveries made in America led up to the French exposure, and I learn that they also are not without revelation concerning identities and similar activities here. Surely the old country will find its Clemenceau when he is needed.

No Fight; No Food

The necessity of providing food tickets offers a fine chance of redressing a grave injustice. It has long been known that the East End of London and the poorer districts of many of our greater towns harbour whole battalions of strong young fellows who should be fighting for our Allies instead of job-snatching at big wages. Why should not the food tickets to such people bear their photographs and finger-prints, so that we get a hold on them from which they cannot escape? That in a time of scarcity we should feed these hulking shirkers is an outrage that must positively be ended.

The Politicians Again

The timely exposure of the attempt by the old gangs to collar the Pensions machinery and exploit it in party interests has infuriated many M.P.'s on all sides. It is certainly the boldest attempt at Tammanyism on a big scale that has ever been made over here. "Big Pensions for Straight Voters" is a parliamentary battle-cry that must never be tolerated. It will be recalled that the Radicals tried the very same game with regard to the Old Age Pensions.

Who Should Run the Pensions?

Pensions for War Services must be taken right out of the hands of the men of all parties. Only by this means shall we keep them absolutely clean. They must be administered by a specially created body of men and women of the highest character and unimpeachable standing. There should not be a single M.P. on the Committee. If less drastic steps be taken unspeakable injustice will be done, and public work will be an occupation of ignominy.

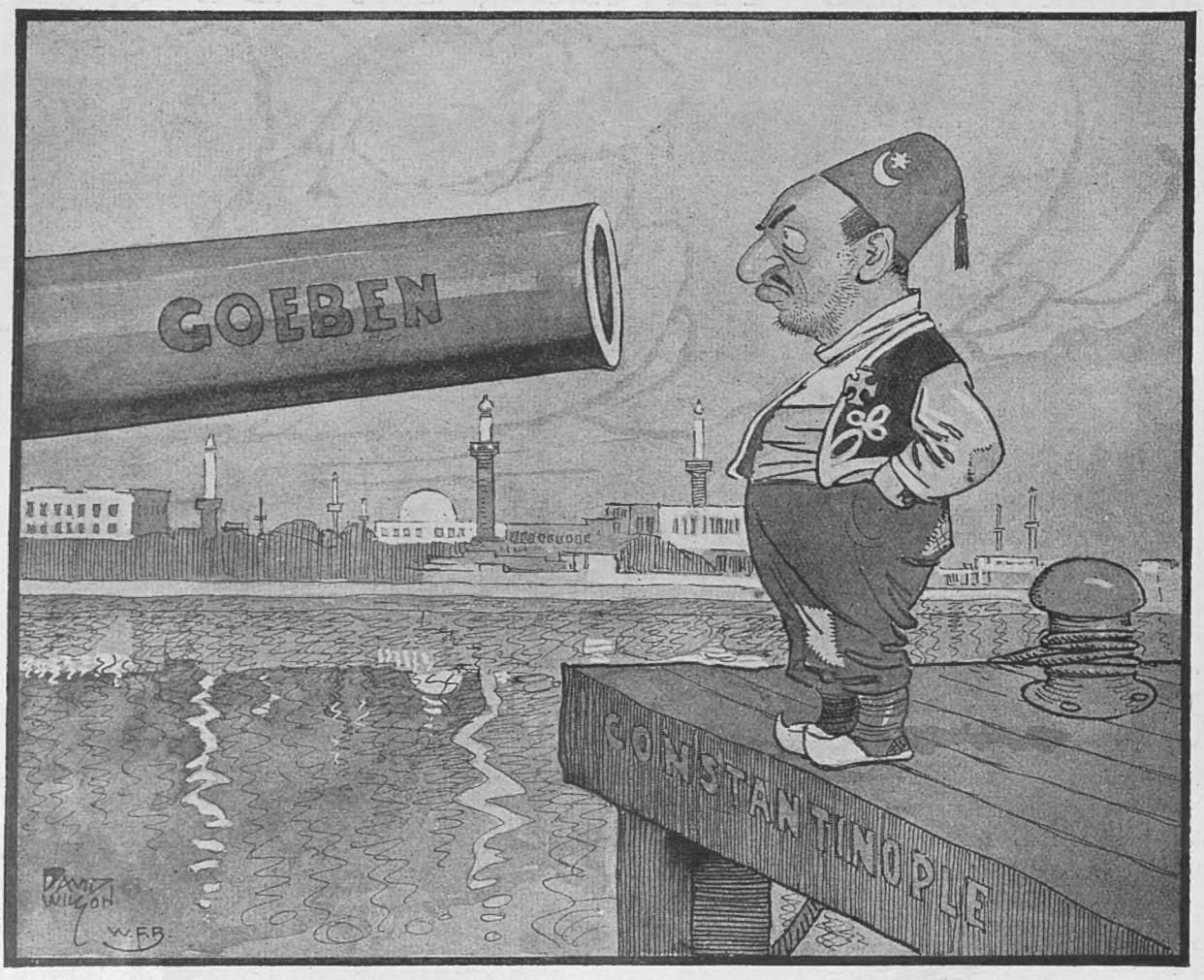
(Continued on page 334)

Twaddle—Anything but—Dum

OR, BACK TO "P.R." RULES

ALICE (Bull) (to the pair of 'em): "Look here, my little men! In peace times you make mildly amusing reading; but I suppose you've no idea how sick you make some of us feel in times like these!"

A Prodigal Son—of a Gun



THE TIRED TURK: "Allah be praised! You have come back to me. (Aside) What an awful bore!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Inventions Again

IT should be realised that the Services now contain numbers of young men of the highest scientific training and equipment. These men, whatever their rank, should have direct access—not through their C.O.—to the Inventions Board. If facilities of this character are at present available—and I understand they are not—they should be widely announced. Grave delays occur with regard to most important war-winning devices, and it is at least doubtful whether the actual inventor always gets his due. Furthermore, some of these war inventions have an after-the-war commercial value, and this should be secured to the man of brains. When the Services pay a man fewer shillings a week than he made pounds in civil life they can have no fair claim to the lasting product of his highly trained labour. Fair-play for inventors *at once* is vital to early success.

The Best Joke of the War

THE Turks are really having rotten bad luck. First of all, the Goeben gets back to Constantinople, most of the inhabitants of which city were congratulating themselves that they would never see the ugly muzzles of her guns dominating their mosques and minarets again. But now there comes worse news. One of the Russian Governments, it appears, is withdrawing its troops from the Caucasus. At first sight, this would not seem to be a matter for regret—for the Turks. But the trouble is that the poor Turkish troops on that front are now (in some unexplained fashion) left to the tender mercies of—*the Armenians!* Really, I had not previously credited the Turks with so moving a sense of humour!

A Disappointing Anniversary

IT is with a rather chastened joy that the German Press has celebrated the anniversary of "unrestricted" submarine warfare. The campaign of frightfulness has altogether failed to fulfil the high hopes that were built upon it; and Tirpitz's firework speeches about England being "brought to her knees" in six months (*i.e.* last August) have fizzled out badly. There are quite a lot of Germans sharpening their knives for Tirpitz just now on this account. To have failed as an admiral was bad; to be fatuous as a prophet is unforgivable.

Curves of Comfort

BUT though the U-boats have not done what was expected and hoped of them, they have caused great loss both of shipping and lives. But the danger is being "held," says Sir Eric Geddes, and his "curves" are comforting. The U-boats are very useful to Germany in a way other than sinking ships, They are able to give her a thing of which she was utterly deprived in the early stages of the war, namely, wireless reports of what sort of weather is coming across the Atlantic. The opportunity thus afforded her of preparing aircraft offensives with a reasonable chance of carrying them into effect needs no accentuation; but, fortunately for us, the North Sea atmosphere has little vagaries peculiar to itself.

The Camera in Society

Photograph *Yevonde*

THE COUNTESS OF STAIR

wife of the 12th earl and 13th baronet, and daughter of Colonel Frederick Harford. Her husband, to whom she was married in 1904, is a major in the Scots Guards, and was for some time a prisoner of war in Germany: he has now been repatriated

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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C. B. Cochran's Stupendous Success, "THE BETTER 'OLE."
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ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted.

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3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
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5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds only from midnight of Monday, the 11th day of February, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 20th day of February, 1918.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Slim, young, and rather bird-like"

LONDON, *February* 11, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

WHETHER we are or aren't true sons and daughters of Holy Church, it looks uncommonly like as if we'll keep Lent all right in this, the fourth year of the world war, doesn't it? Rations when, at last, we take to them next week may mean equal distribution; but even rations won't distribute what doesn't exist, and by all the signs we'll all, young and old, good and bad, rich and poor, before this year of grace is out

> . . . learn the look of things, and none the less
> For admonition from the hunger pinch.

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EVER on the crest of the movement, woman has decided that the new feminine outline is to be (*vide* no less an authority than *The Times*) "slim, young, and rather bird-like"—a restricted diet will certainly achieve the first and last. As to the "young" part—ah, well! it's wonderful what camouflage can accomplish; and as to man, khaki, too, is a great rejuvenater, and Sam Browne a marvellous restricter of figures.

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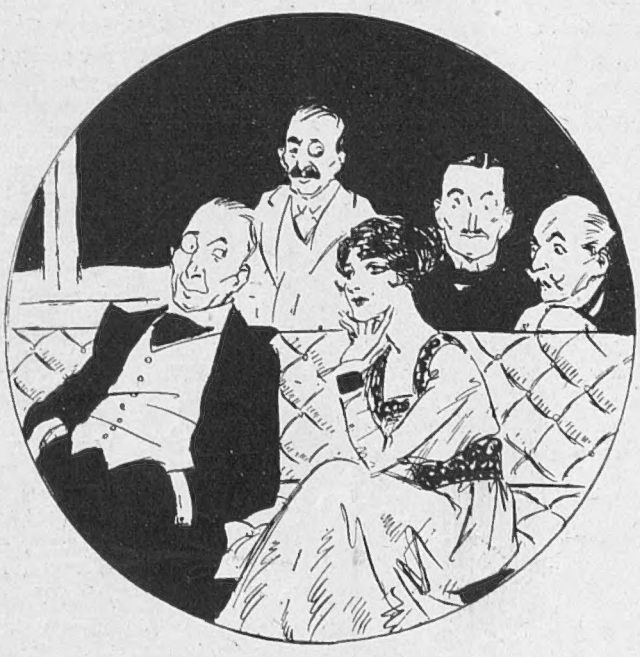
BUT there's a bright side even to 1918's rather depressing prospects. Hunger, runs the proverb, sharpens the understanding even in fools; and the British Isles being, as Carlyle said, inhabited by some millions of persons, mostly fools—well, I guess nothing *less* drastic would have brought home to us that this is, as the Minister for Agriculture has just told us, the most critical year in our history; that we are crossing the rapids, and that unless we all pull together and keep time we shall be swept to disaster.



"Until *we* get into Parliament"

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AND just *how* serious the food situation is you may imagine when actually, here in England now, where for an enormous community, at any rate, sport and pleasure are the most important things in life, a Minister dares to stand up publicly and declare that carriage and pleasure horses must either be killed or go on the grass and stay there! Really must be a pretty big war on, what? And I don't know how they'll kill time o' mornings, I'm sure, all those favoured of the gods who, war or no war, up to now have never missed their morning gallop in the Park, and on steeds very obviously not grass-fed.

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THOSE of us who haven't found time to ride in war-time, of course, don't mind about it, but quite a lot are furious, 'specially the hunting crowd, who think they're just as important as the racing set for whose thoroughbreds oats are to be allowed. To the mere outsider, who doesn't care either way so long as we win the war, what appears rather funny, of course, is—why make all this fuss *now* about the feeding of pleasure horses?

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GOVERNMENTS, of course, always *do* shut the stable door *after* the steed is stolen—it seems to be one of their most inevitable prerogatives; but it's really almost beyond even Government stupidity to allow pleasure horses for nearly four years of war to consume food wanted for human consumption until there's an "immense shortage," and disaster in front of us."

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APROPOS, the prorogation of Parliament and the opening of the new session have kept things lively Westminster way this week. There's once again talk of an election right away, but everyone hopes to stave it off till July, for really what with the war and, amongst other things, what's said to be going to be the biggest Budget in history and the biggest Labour bust-up, *and* the biggest Health, Education, and Irish Bills—there's positively no *time* for all the fuss and fury and frothy fulminations that go to the making of a general election.

(Continued on page 338)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

BESIDES, as everyone says, what's the point? The only kind of government we *haven't* yet tried is a Labour one, and no one wants to hasten *that* particular kind's very certain coming. As to the Premier, the *Daily Mail* approves of the *status quo*, so it's no good trying to make a change there, even if many of us wanted to. And as to the rank and file of members—well, until *we* get into Parliament, anything in the least resembling real representation of the voter isn't, of course, to be expected. Men, once you get 'em in droves, *are* so sheeplike. Women, for all their faults, do like to do what they're there to do.

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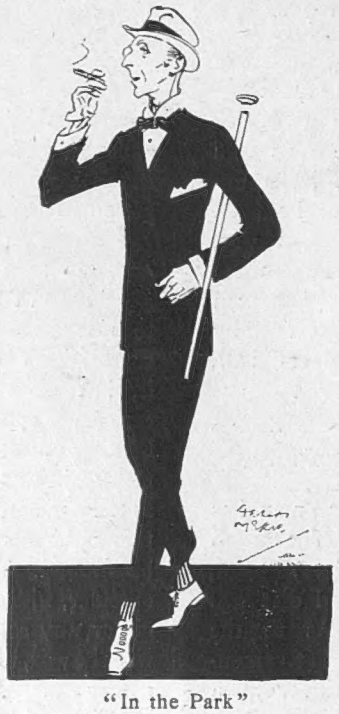
REMINDS me, all the new knights and dames of the British Empire go to Buckingham Palace to get their medals this week—my, but there'll be a binge! It's a good thing his Majesty comes fresh from a long holiday. Apropos, if the war goes on much longer, what I want to know is: Will there be *anyone* left not decorated or somehow or other "mentioned"? Anyway, no one whom, as they say in Mayfair, "one knows"; for those with money to burn would positively have been out of the movement these war years, of course, if they hadn't lent their names or their houses, or a little of their time and money, to the great cause of the wounded.



"In the Park"

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FOR one thing, what would they have done with themselves? And for another, a commandant's uniform is awfully becoming, and you can always get matrons and things to do, so to speak, the dirty work, can't you? The war came down, like last week's fogs, so overwhelmingly on the whole gamut of Society's pleasures, and the years spread before it not, as heretofore, full, but now empty of diversion. "Work for the wounded" sounds well, looks well, and, as I say, "dresses" well. Do you wonder "Society's" been simply all over it?

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AS to its unending "mentions," where pukka nurses and heroic V.A.D.'s and munition-workers, and all the rest go unrewarded and unsung—ah, well! after all, life hasn't entirely changed just because there's a war. Until the millennium, I suppose, there will always be the favoured of this world—and the others. And at least there's this consolation—we're all equal under the Gothas, whose visits, so we're warned, are to happen positively *boringly* often as the spring nights get warmer and softer, and the North Sea less tempestuous.

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THE perfectly marvellous knowledge the Hun displays of our weather conditions was, by the way, the talk of the town after January's air raids. But the science of meteorology is one of those deadly dull ones which the mole-like German long ago made his own, of course, and we're only hoping that by the time our own "Berlin Bombers" get going they, too, will have picked up, at any rate, a smattering.

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BUT though, in his capacity for study, the German has us every time, I'm ready to lay money on this certainty—that when we *do* bomb Berlin (or wherever it is we are going to bomb when we do start) there'll be no such *sang froid* as London displays under bombardment. The streets, true, empty quickly, for to *seek* death is simply silly; but within doors the only panics come from the alien in our midst—of whom, by the way, an eye-witness of their cowerings pathetically inquired after the last raid: "Oh, *now* that we've taken Jerusalem, *can't* we send them all there?"

"All equal under the Gothas"

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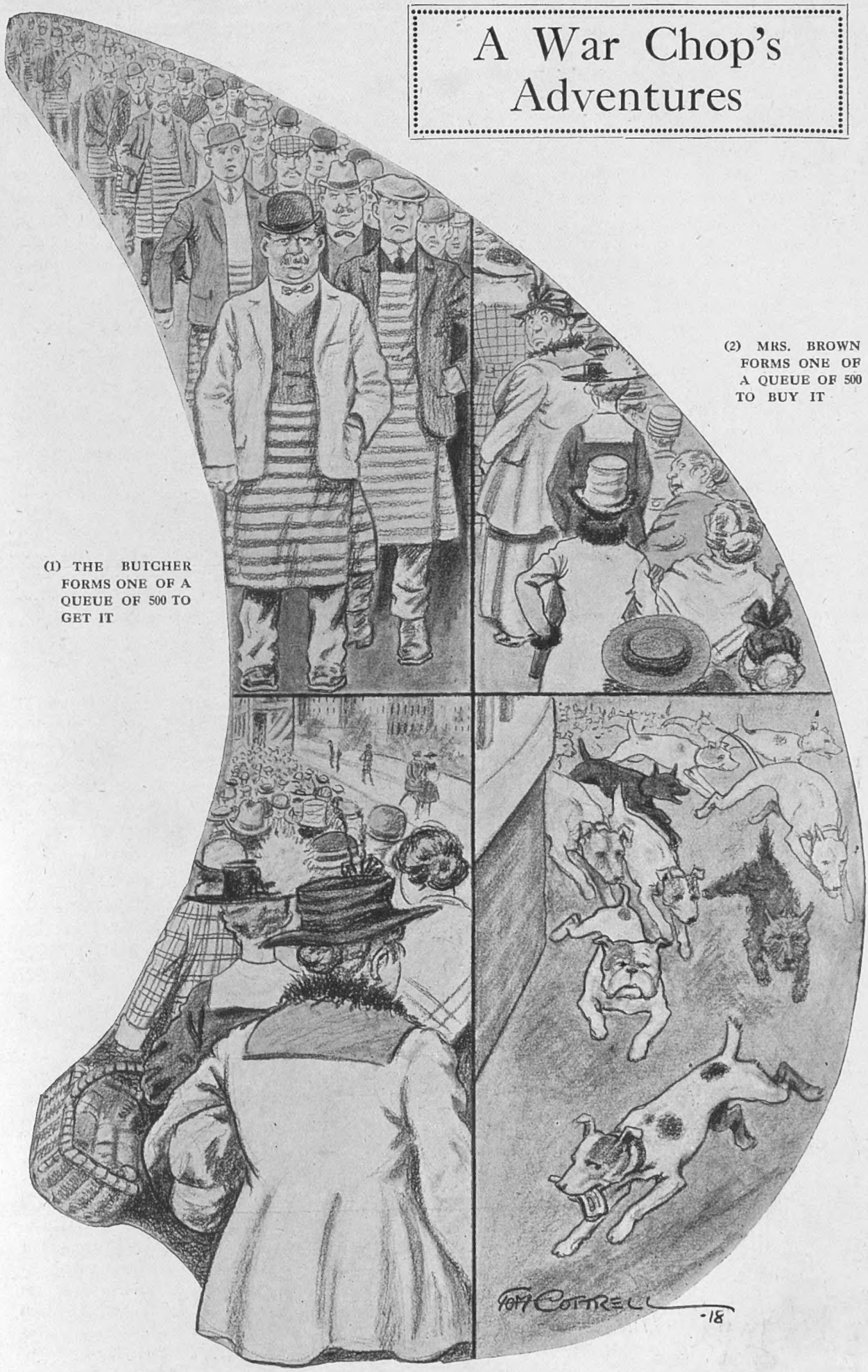
THE amusing side of the last raids was, of course, the way people for weeks before had been going about telling all and sundry, Heaven knows on what authority, that there weren't to *be* any more—that we'd found a quite new way of scotching the business; and that so perfect was the new wireless or something that someone had invented that we even knew over here actually the very minute at which the Gotha rose from its nest! This and lots more of the same was being ladled out to me in a big spoon by my dinner-partner-man, just as the

(*Continued on page 340*)

A War Chop's Adventures



(1) THE BUTCHER FORMS ONE OF A QUEUE OF 500 TO GET IT

(2) MRS. BROWN FORMS ONE OF A QUEUE OF 500 TO BUY IT

(3) AND THEN ONE OF A QUEUE OF 500 FOR A TRAM TO TAKE IT HOME

(4) AND, SINCE NATURALLY SHE DROPS IT AS SHE GETS OFF THE TRAM, A QUEUE OF 500 DOGS CHASES THE DOG THAT COLLARED IT

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

boom of the maroons announced the imminent arrival of the last dozen or so Hun planes over London!

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EXPERIENCE, as Mr. Seymour Hicks says in that cleverest of translated plays, *Sleeping Partners*, has wiped out surprise in this war, so no one said nuffin, though some of us thought some. Instead, through the shrapnelled streets, we hied us to the St. Martins to see and hear Mr. Hicks in the very thick of the aerial hurly-burly, making love thicker—I mean harder—than ever. It is very amusing to watch the Englishman under fire—not a hair of his head will he let the Germans turn, and neither does he permit Hun bombs and guns to delay the business in hand. As for me, I confess I could have enjoyed even the delightful *Sleeping Partners* more minus its noisy accompaniment. My imagination gets *too* much to do when all at the same time it (*a*) follows a play (*b*) listens to an air-fight (*c*) wonders what'll happen *if* . . .

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BUT the detachment of the theatre world from war and war's alarms has grown, of course, long ago into common knowledge. I forget if it's a dozen or half a dozen new plays that are being produced this month—including some more Bing Boys at the Alhambra and quite a lot of side shows in the way of a season of French players and a season of Italian ditto. Also a revival of that very pre-war business—Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*, with Maud Allan as the daughter of Herodias. In these days when it is the fashion to give up our jewels for babies or War Loans, and go our ways innocently in beads, perhaps—who knows?—the Wilde extravagance of language may come as a positive relief from our war-time economies.

WAITING IN THE "Q"
Why not an appropriate medal with a bar for each "engagement" for those who have waited longest and most cheerfully in the "Q"?

You'll remember, I expect, Herod's speech to Salomé—

All that thou askest I will give thee, Salomé, save one thing. . . . I will give thee the mantle of the high priest. I will give thee the veil of the Sanctuary. Listen. I have jewels hidden. . . . jewels that are marvellous. I have a collar of pearls . . . they are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are like fifty moons caught in a golden net. I have amethysts, one that is black like wine and one that is red.

I have topazes, yellow as are the eyes of tigers, and topazes that are pink as the eyes of a wood-pigeon, and green topazes that are as the eyes of cats. I have opals . . . I have onyxes . . . I have moonstones . . . I have sapphires . . . I have chrysolites and beryls and chrysoprases and rubies. I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony. . . I have a crystal, I have three wondrous turquoises. . . .

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HOW it all "dates" to those long dead days before the war, doesn't it? We feast—or fast—now on realities more terrible—and also more beautiful—than any even the greatest masters of language have ever pictured for us. Man's heroism in this war has dimmed the radiance of the most heroic deeds in history—the beauty of his self-sacrifice outshines all the beauty of the world. As Robert Nichols writes in "Fulfilment"—

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
Other loves I have, men rough, but men who stir
More grief, more joy, than love of thee and thine.
Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

HOW EVERY SUBALTERN FEELS JUST NOW

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE ALPINI MOUNTAIN HOME

Nearly there: the last 200 metres on foot. The woods seem full of eyes, and the forest echoes that one accusing cry "Inglesi!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Somewhere in Flanders"

MONEY, AND HOW TO MAKE IT

My Dear Bystander—

The natural offspring of long, profitless hours, spent in the cheerless confinement of what the Americans over here call "the family tomb," waiting patiently until such time as the Hun shall have got the hate off his chest, is seen in the sudden evolution of the cinema habit in our part of the world.

Card playing, continued indefinitely, can become wearisome to the flesh; chewing tobacco is not to be encouraged; musing on the strength of the structure overhead is unwholesome for the mind; and there comes a moment when even the police columns of the *News of the World*, viewed by the light of a flickering candle, engenders a sensation of profound satiety.

⁂ ⁂

It was generally felt that what was wanted was something in the line of a healthy mental stimulant—something which would combine innocent amusement with intellectual improvement, and the cinema drama idea took everybody's fancy from the start.

I now have pleasure in passing on the idea, absolutely gratis, to all elsewhere who may be feeling the need of mental refreshment under wearisome conditions.

The game is extremely simple, and the rules are as follows:

Each player is allowed one whole hour in which to concoct the plot of a cinema drama in tabloid form At the end of the hour the fruit of each man's brain is passed to Robbins. Robbins used to run a cinema show in Valparaiso and has been elected judge by common consent. His ruling is final in every case. The entrance fee is five francs, any number can play, and the winner scoops the lot. *Voilà tout!*

⁂ ⁂

I am happy to be able to announce that I scored my first great success last week (twenty-five francs in cash) with "Hell Hath no Fury" (in four reels), which Robbins, speaking professionally and not without emotion, describes as "a play that makes a more powerful appeal than anything he remembers since last Wednesday."

He is simply mad about it, and I am feeling most awfully encouraged.

⁂ ⁂

It is the old story of the everlasting triangle, and it takes place at Belcham St. Paul's three years before the war.

There is Godfrey Masters, his wife, and the "other woman."

During one whole reel we witness, as usual, the steady development of Godfrey's burning passion for the "other woman" which culminates (in the approved fashion) in one long and ardent embrace expressed by the side of moonlit waters against a background of waterfowl and slender reeds stirred lightly by the balmy breeze of a summer's evening.

⁂ ⁂

Reel 2 depicts Godfrey, clad in a neat sporting suit and carrying a large Gladstone bag, executing a stealthy flight in a swift and commodious limousine at one o'clock in the morning, and concludes with the wronged wife exercising the usual facial contortions in her overwhelming distress and arranging to devote the remainder of her life to the improvement of the spiritual condition of the natives of Bungahoola.

Then comes the war. The wife becomes a nurse at the base hospital at X. Godfrey Masters, meanwhile, joins the A.S.C. as a private.

⁂ ⁂

The next thing that happens is that Godfrey gets mixed up with the excruciator of a motor lorry, and is hurriedly admitted to——the identical base hospital at X!!! . . . . . .

(*That will do, thank you.*—Editor.)

Jack Johnson.

"Their Christmas don't seem to fall on the same day as ours, do it, Bert?"

This drawing was specially made by Captain Bairnsfather for that admirable production "Canada in Khaki"

"Dilapidations"

PASSED BY CENSOR

PADRE: "My sainted Aunt! If they haven't gone and wrecked the blooming vicarage!"

A Little Reminder for the "Status Quo"—ites

This French Official Photograph of the ruins of a mill on the Aisne offers yet another specimen of the thoroughness with which the Huns carry out their policy of ruthless destruction.
And there are still people who clamour "No Indemnities!"

The Bystander in Paris

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"It is you and I who must judge, Agnès, chérie"

MES AMIS—

IT is only one week that I have written you of the scandals of our *politique*, and now how there has been so great a scandal *chez nous*. For three days we have talked of it every minute. All our family that is in Paris—our aunts, Madame de Brécourt and Madame Guerin, our sisters-in-law, Madeleine and Germaine, and Germaine's brother Paul, and our cousin Edouard, Lucile and I, and our granduncle, M. de Lubersac Gudin—have had a council every day, and when we have not been together discussing the *affaire* we have been telephoning and sending so many *petits bleus*.

THERE was question that Frédéric and Pierre, who are at the front, should demand special leave because the *affaire* is so important; but instead we have all written long letters telling our opinion, and now we but await their decision, except that we talk.

⁂

DO you in England, I wonder, have so great a family council? I think not, because in your homes you are more free. With us, in France, what one does in the family all share, and when there occurs anything the whole family must discuss and decide what is to be done.

"To help Sister Mathilde carry her alms"

⁂

IT was so exciting, the first meeting. Germaine, our *belle sœur*, the widow of our *frère aîné* Serge, who was killed on the Marne, sent us the message: "Come at once. A terrible thing has happened. I have sent for everyone." How we hurried to her *appartement*, which is in the house of M. de Lubersac Gudin.

⁂

EVERYONE was there and poor Germaine was in tears. "The disgrace!" she was saying when we arrived. "The disgrace! My poor Lucile, my poor Agnès, how terrible for you, such a disgrace in the family."

⁂

GERMAINE does not a great deal approve that Lucile and I live in our *appartement*, and not with our aunts. She is more of the old school than we. Lucile says it is because to marry Serge was for her a good fortune, and now she is jealous for our *monde* because before she did not belong. Madeleine, who thinks she is tiresome to be so strict, was saying: "But explain you, Germaine. What is this disgrace? You say: 'Alas! the disgrace! The disgrace! How should it have come to me?' But you do not explain."

(Continued on page 346)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Lucile is sure that Edouard laughed"

OUR granduncle, who so seldom leaves his chair, has come too to the council, and his eyes held so many little laughters that I thought it could not be a disgrace very terrible. "It is you and I who must judge, Agnès *chérie*," he said, "the oldest and the youngest, because I have known most, and your heart will most feel."

GERMAINE began again to sob and make a scene. "*Ma petite, ma fille!*" was all she said. How we all cried out at once: "Suzanne!" There was the scandal. Madeleine said: "Germaine, my dear, are you quite sure you wish Lucile and Agnès to hear." Edouard went and looked out of the window and Lucile said: "We love our little Suzanne, and what has happened must be told to us too."

OUR granduncle said: "But of course you must hear. Germaine, give me the letter." Then he read it to us and I am sure he was nearly smiling, though Suzanne's mother weeped. It was from the Mother Superior at the convent at Rouen, where Suzanne is at school. She has now seventeen years except two months, Suzanne.

HOW we were all silent as M. de Lubersac Gudin gave a little cough and began to read the letter. "Would Madame have the goodness," it said, "to remove from the school at the earliest moment her daughter Suzanne."

I THINK the Mother Superior must have been very stern when she wrote. Suzanne, she said, had been beloved by her teachers, and everyone thought she was a good girl. It was Sister Marie des Anges who made the discovery. Every day Suzanne went into Rouen with Sister Mathilde to help her carry her alms, but when it was so cold weather, the poor Sister Mathilde was ill and there was no one else to go. It was then Suzanne begged to be allowed to go alone, and it was allowed. For three weeks she went every day. Alas, how she had been deceptive!

POOR Germaine was all tears. I thought how she had been so strict for us. "But what a bad, wicked nature to have," she said. "How shall I support this disgrace?"

OUR granduncle, who has seen much of life, said with so quiet a voice: "Suzanne found someone to help her distribute her alms. He is a *sous-lieutenant* of our Allies, the English. They had the misfortune to be seen by Sister Mary of the Angels, when he was kissing her, and Suzanne says it was for the first time. Now she is to be sent from school."

IT was very wicked of Edouard. He should have been angry, but Lucile says she is sure he laughed though he pretended to have a choke in the throat.

BUT Suzanne has written to me—she is very pretty—and says she and the English lieutenant love each other very much, and he was so lonely, and they are going to marry after the war and live in England.

PERHAPS I will persuade Edouard to ask him to come to Paris at next *permission*. But to Suzanne I must be very stern, for at the council of the family it was so we decided.

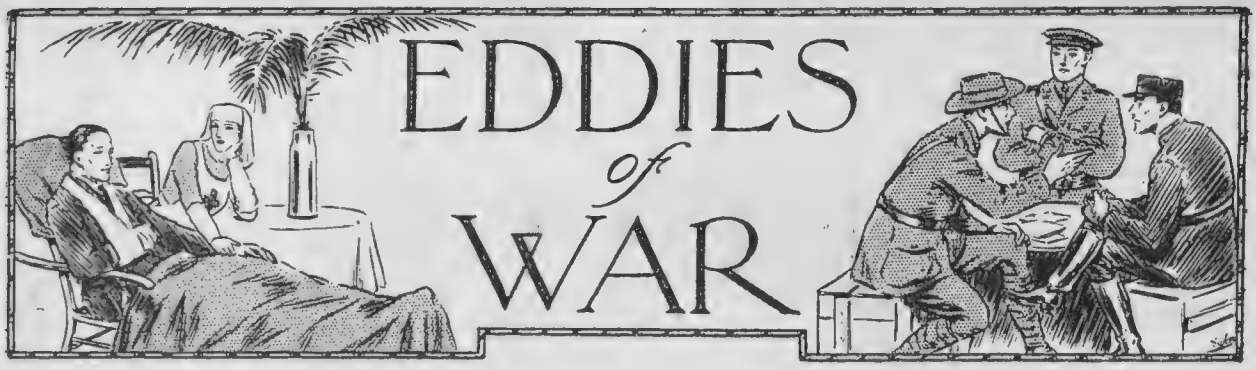
Your friend,
AGNÈS

"They had the misfortune to be seen"

A Peep into the Future?

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE PRIME MINISTER GREETS THE SPEAKER



"AUTRES MINISTRES, AUTRES MŒURS!" BY DELL LEIGH

THE old French saying, "*autres temps, autres mœurs,*" should of course be adapted. All our destinies are now swayed by Ministries. There is nothing you can do, say, or eat, in which this Ministry or that Control does not play a part. The writer has made a hobby of Ministries in his (scanty) spare time, and has become rather an authority on their methods. Nowadays the proud and anxious parent does not ponder which school Mary shall be sent to, or what office he can thrust the troublesome Bertie into. No; he makes careful inquiry as to the best Ministry in which to place the children. It is idle to deny that seven-tenths of the non-combatant population draw a few pence every Friday from one Ministry or another. Consequently, a glance at the ways and customs of these bodies, for future guidance, is instructive. The thing to do if you want to learn all about Ministries is to become a PRAM. A "Pram" is a person who perambulates from one Ministry, or branch thereof, to another. I was a Pram until they discovered me overdoing it, and now someone else reigns in my stead. A Pram's methods are as follows: He picks up a bundle of papers and says nonchalantly to his next of kin "I'm going to a conference at the Ministry." The next of kin merely grunts something about the futility of doing that kind of thing on a meatless day, and the Pram becomes swallowed up in lifts and passages, and is no more seen.

⁂ ⁂

IF he is a popular Pram he has the *entrée* into any man's room in the seventy departments of his own Ministry to start with. They all lean back in their chairs when he enters and pass the cigarettes across with the opening remark: "Well, old chap, what did *you* do in the raid last night?" But if he is an unpopular Pram—that is to say, a Pram who worries you for papers which you have lost long ago—then he gets countered with the chilly remark: "I'm afraid I can't see you now, I'm late for a conference downstairs as it is." There must be thousands of "conferences" held in London daily. This reflection does bring the war home to you, doesn't it? The Pram imbued with a spirit of adventure on a fine day decides to visit a strange Ministry to see what sort of tea they brew. Any Ministry will do.

There is an atmosphere of great importance at a newly-created one, for example. They are going to show us how Ministries really should be run. The hall porter, however, makes the initial mistake of challenging you with "Your pass, please!" You have a good look round, find they are very dull and won't let their girls brew tea in their rooms, and so you go away, bored. But it is all right; there is a hoary-headed old Ministry round the corner, famed for its hospitality, and it is 3.15, tea-time, so you cheer up as you make towards it. I remember I had a great time visiting this Ministry at Christmas. My friend William, the lift man, and I went into Committee together. He hung mistletoe over the centre of his enormous lift, and it gets very crowded at lunch-time. This Ministry has a Beauty Chorus which the Queen of Sheba would have envied.

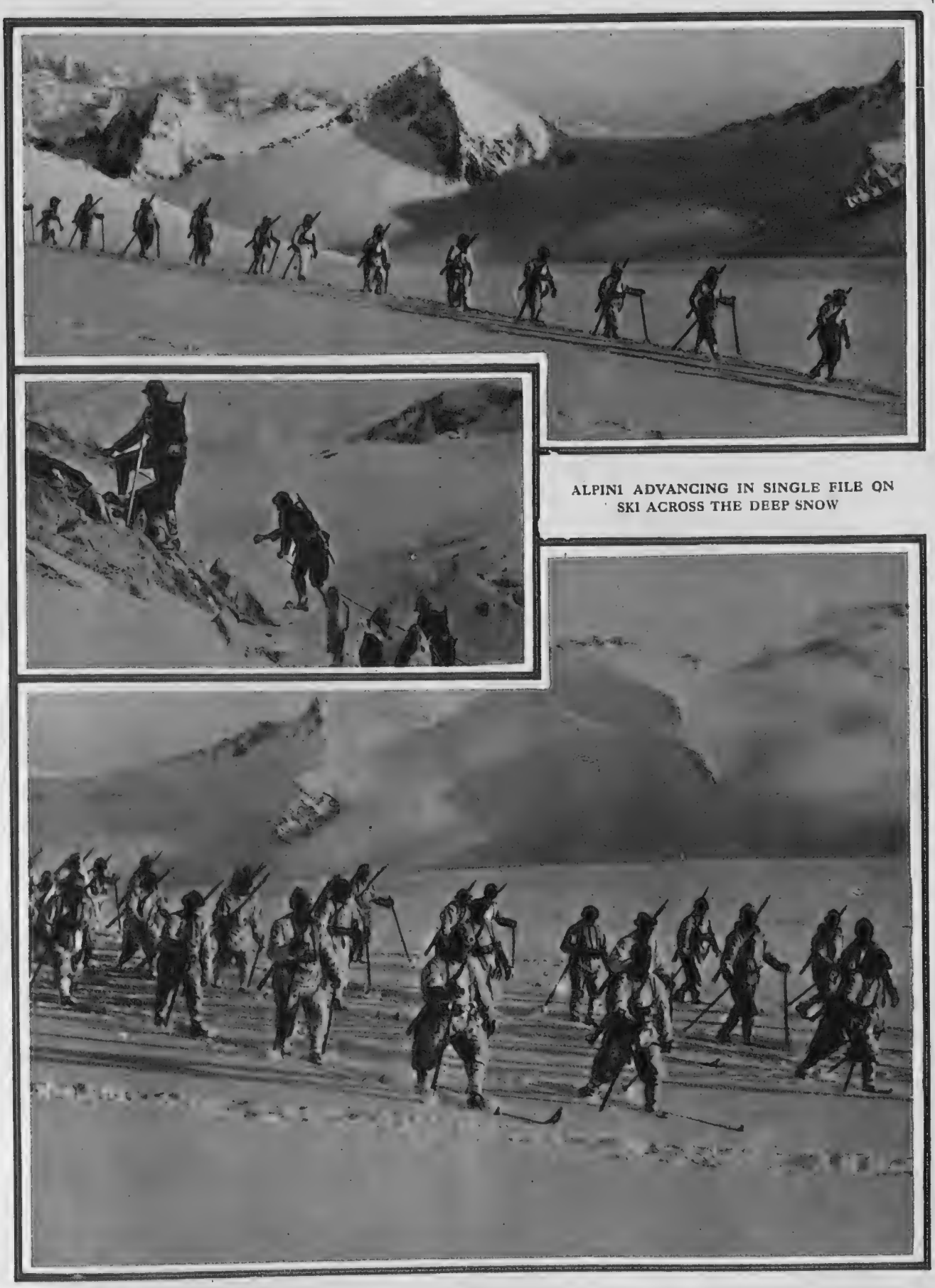
⁂ ⁂

I HAVE just emerged, badly wounded, from a battle with my own Ministry. Having worked all day, and often far into the night, for a year, I felt that another little promotion wouldn't do me any harm, so applied for it, and was tersely refused by some nebulous personage whose name I have not yet heard. I renewed the attack by applying for promotion for one or two of my ladies (who are very nice), and an increase of what is called my "establishment." They parried the blow by informing me through a diplomatic intermediary that I was "overstaffed." This made me very angry. I made "personal representations," and began writing acid "minutes." So their Establishment Branch turned to rend me. Very subtle are their fighting tactics. They came and called upon me in my Hotel-cum-Office unexpectedly, when I might have been at a conference, but wasn't. A charming lady first arrived to "help me over my difficulties, and to get to know my staff." We talked quite a long time, and at length my staff carried her off to tea. I was left with a feeling that I was deuced lucky to be in the Ministry at all; and what extremely pretty eyes she had! They evidently wanted to make quite sure of killing me, for her visit was followed by a call from an old enemy of mine, also an investigator from the Establishment Branch. I had tried a couple of falls with this gentleman in other spheres, and have still got the bruises. He took everything in with his sharp eyes. I tried to hide the kettle behind a waste-paper basket, but it was no good. He asked dreadfully leading questions, and then ended with: "Well, thanks very much, Captain Brown, I *quite* understand, and you may be sure the matter shall be thoroughly gone into. *Good* morning."

Well, when a man ends an interview with a pregnant speech like that, you feel your case must have been hopeless from the start.

I wonder how many of my girls they *will* take away. Not Miss Hardy, I hope!

Armageddon in Alpine Altitudes



ALPINI ADVANCING IN SINGLE FILE ON SKI ACROSS THE DEEP SNOW

These three photographs, published by the Italian Government, give an admirably realistic idea of the difficulties surmounted by the Alpini in their struggle to push back the German invader

Spades a

LABOUR PLAYS TH

re Trumps

E WINNING CARD

A Dainty Dancer

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS RUBY LATHAM

Whose delicious dancing at the opening of the second act of "The Boy" at the Adelphi has lifted her, literally, at a bound into the ranks of stage favourites

"Love in a Cottage"

at the Globe

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THE DOCTOR TO HIS WEALTHY PATIENT "LOOK HERE, YOU GET OUT AND LIE DOWN. CAN'T YOU SEE THE NURSE IS TIRED — BESIDES, I WANT TO TALK TO HER."

THIS is a homely little play, personally conducted by Miss Marie Löhr with a dainty humour that will doubtless prove very attractive to her many admirers. The idea is that money is nothing, after all, if true love does not go with it; and, as everybody knows, that is a faithful expression of the popular view of life. I have at times inclined to the same opinion myself; but, as a careful philosopher, I have to admit that I have never had an opportunity of weighing both sides of the question with a proper impartiality. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be in the public interest if some millionaire were to adopt me, and thus give me an opportunity of examining this vital problem in all its aspects.

✲

As a clear matter of fact, however, the problem solves itself to-day, when the value of money is almost a negligible quantity. Because, after all, it is no use having stacks of Treasury notes and things of that sort if there is no butter on the market and the butcher's shop is shut for the week-end. Love in a cottage becomes thus a very agreeable alternative to starvation in a mansion, even if the traditional diet of the lovers, bread-and-cheese-and-kisses, must be still further limited owing to the shortage of cheese. But, so far, kisses have not been rationed, so that what you lose on the swings, as it were, you can make up on the roundabouts.

✲

MRS. SYBIL BRUCE (Miss Löhr) is a young and lovely widow with half a million of money, and

more than that no self-respecting fortune-hunter would ask. Her late husband, who was spiteful to the last, and a bit over the last, left her the money on condition that she was to enjoy the interest only, and even that was to cease on her re-marriage. Still, the interest on half a million is a tolerable little income, and, naturally, Sybil becomes a very popular young person. Eligible men rush to inform her that they had loved her from the very first; and then when they hear that saucy little provision about the income they suddenly remember that they are not so free to love as they thought they were,

(Continued on page 354)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

'SYBIL BRUCE,' DECIDING THAT HER POMPADOUR COSTUME IS TOO CONSPICUOUS A GARMENT FOR THE NIGHT TRAIN FROM PARIS TO ITALY —

and they fall over the doormat in their hurry to get off the premises.

❋

ONE man alone knows that in marrying Sybil he will not marry money, and I am committing no breach of confidence in admitting that this man is the hero of the play. He deserves to be. Wants a bit of a halo as well, what? But when he proposes Sybil regrets very much that she can offer him no encouragement. She is very fond of him; but she has always wanted enough money to have a good time, and now that her chance has come she cannot let it go. Therefore she cannot marry him. So the hero goes back to his work and Sybil goes to—Paris. Of course, she takes a chaperon with her, because you hear such dreadful things about Paris, and you don't want the neighbours to talk till you've had the chance to give them something to talk about

❋

IN Paris we see Sybil preparing to give a fancy dress ball in her rooms. She is dressed in Pompadour fashion—quite innocently, of course—and her appearance is so picturesque that it gets an approving cheer on its own account. By a strange coincidence one of the invited guests is a real king who is coming in the character of Louis XV. The dear man has probably heard something. Just before the reception, Sybil receives a letter from the hero asking her to come to him at once. At the same moment the announcement is made that the enterprising royal guest has just driven up. Without a moment's hesitation, Sybil leaves his majesty to hang up his own hat, while she climbs through the window to love and real happiness.

❋

THE hero is Mr. G. H. Mulcaster, who does all that is possible with the part of a well-meaning man over-stocked with copybook platitudes on the subject of money. A further smack at wealth is handed out by Mr. Sydney Valentine, in the admirably-acted part of a multi-millionaire. This man sits and thinks of his money till it frightens him. He has got so much: and, although he gives away a good deal in the orthodox charities and all that sort of thing, he is getting wealthier every minute in spite of himself. Under the circumstances his obvious course (so it seems) is to go round the corner and commit suicide, which he does in an unobtrusive and quite decorous fashion. A remarkable study of character is given by Miss Haidée Wright as the millionaire's wife, a chronic hypochondriac, who is a terror to herself and everybody else. The dialogue for the most part is bright and witty, and those who like love idylls, daintily served, will find this play much to their taste.

JINGLE

MODESTLY DONS A QUIET EVENING WRAP

THE LAST MAN

Shrapnel Pars

OBSERVING an immense queue outside one of our most popular playhouses, the Food Department commandeered the bulk of the Beauty Chorus and distributed it among the small suburban theatres.

GEE! as the American said when he discovered a bit of bridle in his meat ration.

SEVERAL football clubs, we hear, want the names and addresses of the exempted young aliens who performed such prodigies in the air-raid shelter scrimmages.

"I HAVE been awarded the D.C.M. for some silly move of mine," writes a soldier from the front. How few of the New Year's Honours people would have been so candid!

HAVING lately learnt a good deal of history, the ex-Tsar is said to be occupying his leisure in teaching it to his son. But he is far too humane a man to expect the lad to remember the names of all the new Russian Republics.

THE Germans talk of diverting the Rhine. But have they sufficient humour to divert anything—intentionally?

THERE is a dispute raging over the pronunciation of margarine. Some say its "g" is hard, others soft. We are neutral in the matter. But we do think its Q is too long.

DURING a recent raid a well-known actress appeared in "Ashes." A critic said she was not so dusty. It looked like a hit.

THE *Times* tells us that "the Red Guards and the White Guards are fighting at Viborg." Why not call them all black guards and have done with it?

BUT this fight, we suppose, like the encounters of the Kilkenny cats, will be to a Finnish. At any rate, Letts hope so.

"AFTER the raid, shrapnel-hunters were busy with hammers and chisels collecting bebentoes," says the *Evening News*. Apparently these tools were necessary owing to the shrapnel's bobentum. It's a nasty, cold-catching habit, anyway.

GERMANY is tasting the full horrors of war. Recruits for a certain regiment are compelled to sing, on parade, ultra-Junker war-songs composed by their commanding officer. Some of them, who were living in America before the war, say they would rather be in Sing-Sing.

"WE need," wails the Imperial Injured Innocent of Potsdam, "the help of all who love our severely tested country." There seems to be a syllable missing. What he must have meant was "our severely *de*tested country."

THEIR huge U-boat losses must be costing the Huns dearly, even from the financial point of view. We may hear, soon, that they are trying to meet the case by the establishment of a big sinking fund.

THE Bolshevik angels of "democratic peace" are now engaged in no fewer than seven wars. As a champion promoter of human harmony and concord, Kaiser Bill will soon have to "give best" to Trotzky.

19 —?

"Aren't you coming fishing to-day, George?"
"Carn't. I've lost me bloomin' worm ticket!"

A 'HEAD WIND'
AN 'EAST WIND'
A 'DRAFT'
'VERY FRESH'
'HIGH' WIND
THE 'HURRICANE'
'BLOWING GREAT GUNS'
'SOME BREEZE'
W. H. Harris

"WIND UP!"

P. U. O.

(Pyrexia of Unknown Origin)

By J. FREDERICK TILSLEY

"AND what," asked the Medical Officer, "is the matter with you?"

Second Lieutenant Percy Byron Potter fixed a bleary grey eye upon him, and smiled drearily.

"I'll leave it to you," he answered amiably.

"What are the symptoms?" The doctor grasped him by the wrist. "What seems to be the matter?"

Percy considered the question in silence for a few moments.

"I've got pains in my back and legs," he said at last, speaking carefully, as one who is anxious to leave nothing out. "My mouth tastes as if I had been living exclusively on sandbags for a month, and I'm sort of hot and prickly all over."

"Go on," said the doctor encouragingly, "don't stint yourself—tell me everything."

"Well, I had a pretty thin time of it last night," continued Percy, who was beginning to warm to his task, "and I feel as though I had been buried by a shell about the first week of the war and not dug out until yesterday. Really speaking, I suppose I ought to be dead."

"P.U.O. I expect," murmured the doctor. "Pulse isn't so bad, le'mme see your tongue."

Percy pushed his tongue out obligingly.

"All right," said the doctor hurriedly, "you can start putting it back now. Orderly, bring me a thermometer!"

"Temperature's been taken, sir," said the tall, thin Orderly, who looked as if most of the responsibility of the Hospital rested upon his narrow shoulders.

"What is it?"

The Orderly took a deep breath.

"One hundred and four, sir." he answered dramatically; his tone suggested that he was rather proud of Percy's temperature, and considered himself at least partly responsible for it. "Here's the thermometer, sir."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor in a dazed voice. His glance left the thermometer and rested on Percy with increased respect. "P.U.O. most certainly. Take him to the Officers' Ward at once and tell Sister—never mind, though, I'll take him myself. Come along Lieutenant—er—er—Good Heavens, one hundred and four!"

"What exactly is P.U.O." asked Percy as they walked down the long, trench-boarded path running between the two rows of camouflaged canvas, which was the hospital, I hope it's something respectable."

"Oh, quite, quite," murmured the M.O. reassuringly. He waved one hand gracefully. "All the very best people around these parts have had it at least twice."

Percy looked relieved.

"Sounds a bit sinister, that's all."

"You are merely a little feverish, a few days in bed will see you perfectly well again. Here we are." The M.O. stopped at one of the rows of marquees and opened a wooden door on his left, and, ducking his head slightly, Percy entered and gazed about him with interest.

"My word," he said, admiringly, "you do one pretty well here, carpets on the floor, electric light, umpteen books, and the beds. This is the best war I ever went to. Blessed be the name of P.U.O."

"Yes, it's hard to believe we are only a mile or two from the line." The M.O. rubbed his hands together briskly. He reminded Percy somewhat of the proud owner of a very large and very new picture theatre.

"And here," exclaimed Percy, in an awed whisper, "comes one of those Magnificent Women." A Sister was coming to meet them. "Introduce me, explain that all my friends call me Potts, and then I think I'll get to bed."

. . . . . .

When the Sister went to his bedside a little later Percy wriggled his head from under the sheets and grinned cheerfully.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Potter?"

"Fine thanks, and how are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"D'you know, Sister," said Percy, in a conversational tone, "I think You Women Are Wonderful."

The Sister eyed him suspiciously.

"I seem to have heard that before, somewhere," she answered without enthusiasm.

"Most likely you've seen some of Harold Montefiore's articles in the 'Daily Shrapnel,'" suggested Percy. "Awful tosh, ain't they?"

"They are," she answered with feeling. "The man knows absolutely nothing about hospital life. Do you read him, Mr. Potter?"

"I *am* him," Percy answered with a bland grin.

There was a long silence.

"That was a very mean thing to do, Mr. Potter," she said at last, "You might have warned me."

Percy apologised humbly, and was graciously forgiven.

"If you are Harold Montefiore you will, of course, be the author of 'A Barrage of Kisses,'" said the Sister when they were friends again.

"Yes, horrible, isn't it?"

"It's been very useful here," she said kindly. "If a patient becomes melancholy through the loss of a limb or some such cause, we give him 'A Barrage of Kisses,' it seldom fails to make him laugh."

"I'm glad to hear it," murmured Percy with a deep sigh. "By the way, Sister, what's the name of the Orderly in charge of this ward?"

"His name is Smith," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

Percy looked disappointed.

"I thought—I was sure his name was Butterworth."

"Butterworth," the Sister started a little. "That is the name of the Night Orderly. Do you know him?"

Percy gave a whoop of joy.

"He used to be a friend of mine, we went to school together, and all that sort of rot, you know; I still have a few of his letters, written from this address, somewhere, but I have ceased to love him." Percy's eyes glittered. He looked almost fierce. "You see, Sister, it's like this between 'Pushes,' Butterworth is a critic, he criticised 'A Barrage of Kisses.'" Percy's scowl became even deeper at the recollection.

"What did he say about it?"

"Oh, much the same sort of thing that you said, the cad."

"Well, I——"

(*All rights strictly reserved*). (*Continued on page 360*)

Donkey Work in Italy

Official Photograph

A British Observation Post—possibly on the As-iago

Canada's Smile of Victory

Canadian Official Photograph

These sturdy Canadians are clearly not in the least "fed-up" with the conditions of their warfare. From their pleased expression they might have been discussing the result of the Canadian elections; but more probably the ration-lorry was in sight

"P.U.O." (*concluded*)

"Of course you did," said Percy irritably, "but you are different. He called it sickly, and umpty other things, the rotter; that's why I dragged my P.U.O. past a Dressing Station and two other Hospitals. I wanted to come here so that I could meet him and get even with him. I felt sure that a chance to do so was bound to occur in a large war like this, and now that it has I intend to make the most of it. . . . .

Sister, if any fellow tells you that he can't sleep in a real bed when he goes home on leave, don't you believe him . . . . ."

. . . . . .

Percy opened his eyes and stared blankly about him. The Ward was bright with electric light, and it took him some moments to realise where he was. When at last memory returned he glanced at his watch on his wrist and smiled grimly. It was well turned eight o'clock, the night staff would be on duty.

"Orderly!" he yelled, "Orderly!"

The Orderly, a dark, thick-set little man, with rimless glasses and a noticeable chin, hurried to him.

"Good evening, Charles," Percy greeted him. "How's things?" Private Charles H. Butterworth, the famous critic (B.3.), eyed his patient doubtfully.

"Hullo," he answered, without enthusiasm, "what are you doing here?"

"Don't speak to me harshly, Charles, I've got a temperature."

"Been writing some more of those toshy Hospital Articles of yours for the 'Daily Shrapnel,' I expect. They do have an effect on the temperature. I've noticed it myself."

"You've become horribly B. threeish lately, Charles. I'm very ill. I've got P.U.O.—Py—something of Unknown Origin, the M.O. says it means."

"That just about describes what we had for dinner to-day," said the Orderly with a sigh. "Somebody ought to see the Cook about it." "And," continued Percy, "having P.U.O., I decided to bring it round to your hospital for treatment; it ought to prove a good opportunity for obtaining a little inside information on . . . "

"You need it, goodness knows," interrupted the other.

"So you pointed out in your criticism of 'A Barrage of Kisses,'" murmured Percy without heat. "You said, I remember, that the author's ignorance of hospital life was appalling. You said a lot of other things, too."

The Orderly grinned.

"I was under the impression that I was letting you down lightly," he said, still grinning. "You filled your hero full of shrapnel, on top of that you gave the poor devil an attack of brain fever. Then you described him spending a wild night in a Casualty Clearing Station, and said that an Angel in White sat by his bedside all night, and saved his life. Now you know, Percy, that sort of thing is a bit too thick. An Angel might manage it, perhaps Angels have the time, but Sisters certainly haven't. Very often they are responsible for about sixty patients, all seriously wounded, and you can't sit by sixty bedsides all at once. Besides, patients aren't cured that way. And another thing, what about that Orderly of yours? You made him a surly, low-browed brute, who spent one-half of the time eating the patients' food and the other half asleep on duty—Orderlies aren't like that."

"I was thinking of you, Charles, when I created that Orderly," said Percy, softly, "You must admit that it was a good portrait."

"Well, I'm not like that, either."

"We will see," said Percy, and there was such deep meaning in his voice that the other started uncomfortably.

"See what?"

"Whether your first thought is for your patients or not I'm determined to prove that at least one of my characters is true to life, and it might as well be the Orderly. Charles, my lad, you are going to have the time of your life to-night. I'm going to order you about like a galley slave, and if you don't use bad words to me, and threaten to sign a separate Peace before I leave this hospital, you'll be more than human."

Percy was as good as his word. He had at least one drink of everything in the ward from water to champagne. His pillows had to be altered about three times every hour. He was either too warm or too cold. He wanted to sit up in bed, and then he wanted to lie down again. When other patients required attention he was silent, but his voice was heard again immediately the Orderly was at liberty. Private Butterworth carried out Percy's every request with a fixed and ghastly smile on his face.

"You are better tempered than I thought, Charles," Percy admitted grudgingly, "but I haven't started properly yet. I like this place, the beds are comfortable, and the attention, if somewhat amateurish, is extremely good. I shall probably remain here for some time."

The Orderly trembled slightly.

"You might write another book some day," he said in a thick voice.

"I don't think so, Charles," said Percy sweetly. "After the war I intend to go on the stage. Now bring me some coffee, some matches, a cigarette or two, and tuck me up."

"Wouldn't like me to kiss you, I suppose?" said the Orderly bitterly.

"Don't lose your little temper, Charles. Please bring me another hot water bottle or two, and a few more pillows." By the time these instructions had been carried out, Percy began to feel drowsy in spite of himself.

"And now," he murmured, sleepily, as the Orderly was leaving him, "you might go and tell the Night Sister that she is a Wonderful Woman. I don't think I mentioned it to her." The words ended in a gentle snore, and the thankful Charles crept silently away. The next time that Percy saw him was at the conclusion of a very decent breakfast. The Orderly, with his overcoat on and his cap in his hand, came to the foot of the bed, and eyed Percy unpleasantly.

"You'd better run away to bed, Charles, you'll need all the sleep you can get, believe me, last night's nothing to what to-night's going to be. Something tells me I shall be in form."

"And I," murmured Charles, with a hard smile, "shall be in bed. I've just been to the Reception Room to report sick, I've got a temperature of one hundred and four. The M.O. says it's P.U.O., and I must go into dock at once. Cheerio, Percy! Old thing . . . . Bon Jour. Hope you sleep well to-night." He waved his hand at Percy, grinned mockingly, and was gone.

. . . . . .

"I'll tell you what," murmured the tall, thin Orderly, who looked as though he bore most of the responsibility of the Hospital on his narrow shoulders. "There's something wrong with this blooming thermometer, the mercury got sort of stuck at a hundred and four, and it simply won't shake down. Break it in two and indent for a new one."

PELMANISM.

"The Little Grey Books."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

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"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-General.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

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Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman" 48 Generals, 10 Admirals, and over 6,000 other officers are studying the course, as well as thousands of rank and file. A large number of readers of THE BYSTANDER and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of THE BYSTANDER to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address below.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

From a Director.

I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public *knew* your Course I am sure your office would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Works Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

From a Textile Buyer.

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the PELMAN Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

From a Coach Builder.

It is a pleasure to me to express my appreciation of the PELMAN System. My powers of observation and concentration have increased so enormously that it seems scarcely possible for such improvements to have taken place in so short a time. There seems to me no limit to the possibilities of the System.

IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

"Benefit," says "Truth," is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

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A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of THE BYSTANDER who send a postcard to The Pelman Institute, 27, Wenham House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C. 1.

Smoothing Things Over

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THERE must be something in the strangely widespread notion of an impending peace, because even the Gloomy Dean has recently hinted at it, and is naturally satisfied that the end of the war will bring such a dreadful lot of trouble everywhere. Most of us, however, will, I think, be quite content to put peace on the bright side of the account and to regard it as no trouble at all, but a pleasure. Consequently I have been kind enough to step forward at this critical moment of our island story to show how conscientious objectors to peace may be kept quiet on very moderate terms.

THE first trouble will be, it seems, with the soldier returning home from what the Germans call the joy of battle. We are told that there are a number of men who have really enjoyed the life of pleasurable excitement in the open air that the war has brought, and that they will chafe at the dismal prospect of returning to the desk or the workshop. Apparently it will seem so strange to the modern Mr. Atkins to find that he can walk down street after street without the risk of getting drowned in the mud or snicked by a sniper that he will find the dull monotony of home life simply unbearable. Consequently he will call a mass meeting, consisting mainly, I should say, of himself and the other fellow, and pass a vote of want of confidence in the Government.

SUCH men, however, cannot be very numerous, and we could hardly be expected to start another war just to oblige them. If in the day of peace they should really be found to be pining for the glorious life they have left behind them, it should be quite easy to arrange matters to satisfy everybody. The objectors to civil life could be offered a couple of hours' pack-drill after their day's work was done, and they could be occasionally visited by a conscientious sergeant-major who would undertake to give his personal opinion of them with the coruscating emphasis that imparts such a homely touch to life in the Army.

THE next trouble is that when peace comes the number of wage-earners who have been absolutely picking up money during the war will be discontented. I shouldn't wonder. But the vast majority of us who have not had the luck to get into the charmed circle of war profiteers are not likely to have many sympathetic tears to waste on an unhappy fellow-man who is broken-hearted because he can no longer make money out of his country's misfortunes. Myself I think that such cases of discontent will be rare, and the remedy for them is obvious. The grumbler should be politely introduced to a Tommy who has risked everything in the war for the not excessive income of a bob a day; and the introduction should take place as near to the horsepond as can be conveniently arranged. The rest will be easy.

BADGERED!

FLAPPER: "What does the motto in your badge mean?"
JOCK (*heavy laden, after long journey*): "Oh! that just means '*Load not to exceed ten tons*'!"

THEN there is the money question. Who is going to pay for it all? Everybody has drawn up a carefully elaborated scheme by which the financial burden of the war has been ingeniously arranged to fall on everybody else; and when it comes to settling up there will naturally be a bit of a clash with the figures. We shall all be complaining bitterly that we are called upon to pay more than we can afford. But the Gloomy Dean need not worry about that. I am not abusing any confidence in admitting that we always do complain bitterly about paying our taxes; but it is to be observed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets his money all the same. It is the time-honoured privilege of the British taxpayer to complain, just as it is expected of the British farmer that he will grumble at the weather.

NO doubt we shall worry through peace all right, just as we are worrying through the war; and we shall always have the satisfaction of knowing that it will be worse for the Germans. Think of the German airman flying in peace-time over a crowd of women and children, and not allowed to drop even one small bomb on the alluring crowd! Talk about peace troubles! Why we shall be in clover compared to the people of what will then, no doubt, be again described as the great peace-loving nation—Germany!

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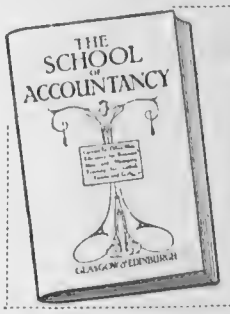

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PEACE

"SHE LOVES ME!··SHE LOVES ME NOT!"·

The first reproduction of an original painting by Jacques d'Or to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

THE DAWN OF THE INEVITABLE

An Allegory by H. DENNIS BRADLEY

MARS the Destroyer, the Incarnate Spirit of Militarism, battered, bleeding, and even a little wearied, seeks to capture the Angel of Peace and bend her to his will.

Of a sudden it dawns upon his blood-fuddled brain that the Angel of Peace and the Spirit of Democracy are one, and that Peace, though within grasp, is not the captive of his sword, nor can she be seduced by Force.

Note how in his clumsy wooing her dainty foot is fettered by his brutal hoof—her kindly hand enchained by his defiling arm. In ruthless pique because no quick response is made to his advances, lasciviously he plucks her wings, and throws them to the earth—"She loves me!—She loves me not!"

Bruised—half beaten, battle worn, and weary as he is—she has been bruised the more. But strong in the knowledge that myriads of supporters are coming to her aid, she fights against the annexation of her inviolate will. For no marriage is possible between this ill-assorted pair. His hunted, puzzled stare betrays his fear of the morrow, for, ere the morrow dawns, the powers of Democracy will surely overwhelm him and thrust the tired sword beside him into his bloody heart.

From the Balloon Observer's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Confidence can only be gained by becoming acquainted with different bursts of shells"

Books *of the* Week

A Fairy Tale

IF only fairy tales were true! If only it could be arranged that our King or Sir Douglas Haig or even a more than usually important Brass Hat could steal at dead of night into the Kaiser's tent, cut off his whiskers (they may have grown by now), hang them up on the highest wireless post available, and wait to hear the Kaiser announce that the war is automatically at an end! For this is what the King of Euralia did, as you may read if you take up Mr. A. A. Milne's story *Once on a Time* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.* net). It is a pukka fairy tale. Prince Udo, who comes courting Merriwig's only daughter, is turned into a nasty mixed sort of animal by the wicked Countess Belvane, and there are all sorts of magical complications which may possibly please the grown-ups, for whom I am sure the story was intended more than the children to whom it may be given as a birthday present. But the children nowadays are so grown-up and become brigadiers at such absurd ages that they may conceivably annex the book for their own.

⁂ ⁂

The Hun Secret Service—

IF you want a couple of really exciting Secret Service stories get hold of Mr. John Ferguson's *Stealthy Terror* (Lane: 6*s.*) and Mr. Douglas Valentine's *The Man with the Club Foot* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net). In *Stealthy Terror* it is a Scottish doctor, studying in Germany before the war, who becomes the unwilling possessor of a document so important to Germany that his life hangs henceforth by a thread—and by a thin thread. Not even when he manages to get home is he left alone. And when he deciphers the document and takes it to the Foreign Office he is promptly treated as a lunatic with German spies on the brain. (The book, you must remember, treats of those fabulous days when we used be told that the gentle Hun and ourselves ought to be the best of good friends.) However, our own Secret Service was not at fault, and the Scottish doctor obtained a different reception on his second visit to authority.

⁂ ⁂

—And Our Own

The Man with the Club Foot, as shown on the cover, is one of those nasty, bristling Huns with a brain supposed to be as large as his stomach. Here the story is told by a British officer on sick leave, who on learning that his brother in the British Secret Service is apparently in trouble in Germany, determines to visit that country and effect a rescue. Fortunately for himself, strange circumstances in Holland make the first part of his adventure comparatively easy, but later on matters become so complicated that he is in danger of losing his brother's life as well as his own. It is the club-footed man, however, who pays the supreme penalty, and everybody is pleased. R. S.

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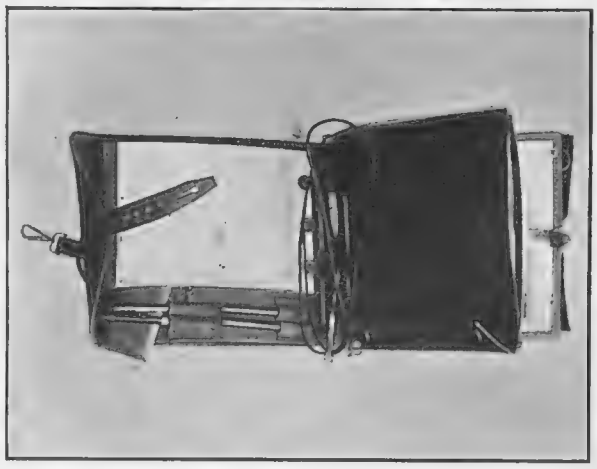

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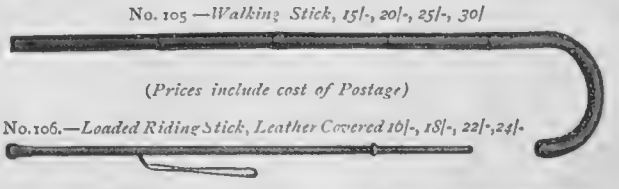

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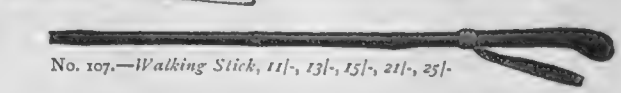

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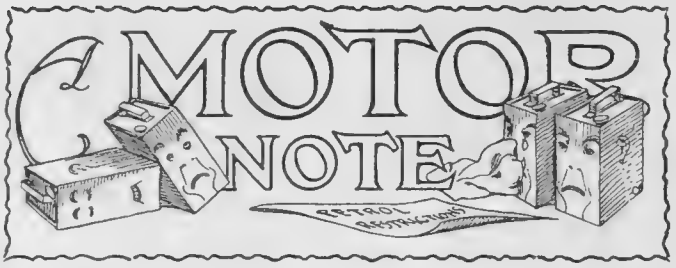

Gang Warily

Lots of cases keep cropping up of alleged infringements of the Petrol Order. The almost invariable result is a fine of some sort, even in cases where, apparently, the motorist had reasonable grounds for using his car. Which means, as I expected, that your idea of reasonable usage is more than likely *not* to agree with the police idea. The police prosecute, but you have to prove your innocence. Past experience of the result of police action against motorists does not give any great confidence of an escape from court without the shedding of a guinea or two in fines, particularly now that the police have no need to prove their case. Mostly it depends upon the *personnel* of the Bench. In those districts where the police are especially lively you can be fairly sure the Bench will not accord the motorist their enthusiastic sympathy. Therefore it behoves all concerned to keep well within the terms of the Order allowing a 75 per cent. margin for "unreasonable" contingencies. And do not forget that, by the latest Order, called "The Motor Spirit (Consolidation) and Gas Restriction Order," dated January 3, 1918, gas, or any petrol substitute (including even that mysterious American "Synthetic Gasolene," with large British financial backing, of which we are hearing just now), ranks with petrol for all practical purposes. Better get a copy of that Order, published in the *London Gazette* of January 8, to be on the safe side.

***

A Triplex Success

Received, the Triplex Glass Company's balance sheet, indicating a fairly robust state of health, thank you. Trading profit over £34,000. Net profit over £20,000—equal to a 10 per cent. dividend on the year, and a carry forward for excess profits duty and what-not of £12,502. The company manufactures a commodity that has made most particularly good during the war and, as I think I have remarked before, represents no inconsiderable factor in the efficiency of the fighting machine on land and sea and in the air—especially in the air. Wherefore the commercial success of this company is not at all surprising. It is the sort of success out of which I take some pleasure. There are successes in connection with the manufacture or supply of war material out of which I derive nothing—except cause for anger. I suppose it is much the same with you. For which reason let us jointly felicitate Triplex, the commodity that, if it cannot command success, at least deserves it; and on its present balance-sheet gets it.

***

The Tapper Tapped

Strong objection seems to be taken by the gas companies to the tapping of the gas-pipe for motor fuel, particularly when the tapping happens before the gas passes through the meter. A case of this sort occurred recently, and the tapper sustained some damages in court. Upon what I am pleased to call my soul, we can't do anything these days, can we? Oh, for a business Government!

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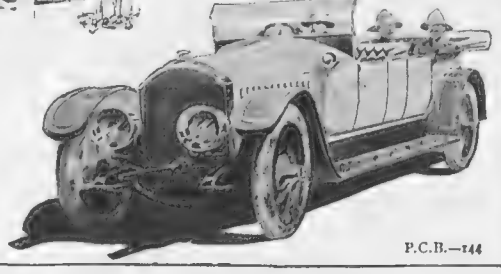

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FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

"P's AND Q's"

THE days of unlimited cakes and ale are over. No more can pints and quarts be booked against us, and we have to mind our p's and q's rigidly now.

Competition means zest, and the high-water mark of success for a play or a provision is reached when the queue begins.

Nothing astonishes soldiers or nurses home from the war-zone more than these solid rows of feminine compatriots spending the precious hours in the street waiting for—what?

An amusement that is plentiful or a commodity that is scarce!

Out there men wait in lines for the signal to go over the top, with sublime patience qualifying impatience.

Nurses are too absorbed in their vital work to trouble over having coffee instead of tea, butterless bread, meatless dinners. Therefore they wonder when they see well-clothed ladies dotted here and there in every queue.

"Surely there is food of some kind in each neighbourhood," they say. "Why stand out for the one thing that isn't there? Why not go without?"

After all, substitutes are always with us; those who can afford cake and caviare might pay the prices for them and leave the cheaper things for their poorer neighbours. The twin arts of "making do" and "doing without" are fine accomplishments in war-time.

Hitherto we were careless of what was thought of us by foreign visitors, or new members of the British family from distant dominions.

But it has come to matter a good deal whether we bear scrutiny well when hundreds of oversea brothers are passing through our streets, and "taking notice."

These clear-eyed young soldiers give us a fair field and no favour. They have deep thoughts and high ideals.

One of them fell in love with a London girl and told her so. She laughed and flouted him. He held his peace and went off to the trenches. Presently his turn came, and after a long illness he was convalescent, but discharged from further service—a Blighty case.

Way back his widowed mother was just dead, and his only sister married and gone. He had no one and nothing to return to. He sat staring into a blank future one day recently, and someone passing handed him a bulky envelope addressed in firm yet dainty writing.

A waft of fragrance came as he opened it and drew out a satin sachet veiled in a silver network of flowers and cupids forming a rustic gate secured by a sprig of forget-me-not, with a legend: "When this you see, Remember me."

The gate, unlatched, disclosed a photograph with "Come back soon to Annie" written across it.

She was still smiling, but there was a tender wistfulness in the pretty eyes.

He thrust the valentine into his pocket and made swift tracks. There was something and someone to go back to, after all; and the Fourteenth of February was still ahead of him.

A little natural sentiment, a touch of womanliness, not afraid of being out of date—what a difference they make!

Photograph *Sport and General*

FASHIONS IN SPRING HATS

The L.C.C. Ambulance Girls, who drive their cars unceasingly through air-raids, have now been supplied with shrapnel helmets

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

EXCEPT for hats, everything is very much at a standstill in the world of dress — a consideration, of course, by no means peculiar to the war, and which need not in the least disconcert anyone. What is happening is the necessary breathing space between the close of one season and the sale rumpus and the commencement of the next.

Out of the general dullness and darkness, however, there emerge one or two emphatic notes, such as the *gilet* to tailor-made coats, deep, soft, rolling collars, the fairly liberal use of checks and plaids for trimming purposes, and embroideries in fine *soutache*, usually in tone. The chief pursuit is economy—economy of material, labour, etc.—wherefore is there no longer any doubt as to the type of silhouette assumed under these conditions. We are to be as *svelte* and slim as cut and fashioning and an entire absence of petticoats are able to make us. That oft-repeated advice to tighten up our belts is being literally, if rather figuratively, exemplified in the forms of the moment. As to belts and sashes, both are with us, but these merely serve to accentuate the supreme straightness of the whole. They are just one with the lean silhouette now ordained. All of which easily accounts for the Chinese influence betrayed in the straight sleeve, the wide sash, and the rapidly advancing low crown hat. At present these are very tentatively essayed. But the mountainous affairs of velvet have grown sufficiently wearisome to ensure a complete reaction.

A Wrap of Many Colours

I AM indebted to a singularly resourceful mind and a keen enthusiast after economy creations for the most original and delightful *robe de chambre* surely ever devised. The idea was inspired by the short lengths of good wide ribbons that were clearing at give-away prices at the recent sales, and developed into the wrap pictured. For the main portion, lengths of ribbon of all shades and patterns are joined, lengthways and across, as occasion demands, until a wrap reminiscent of the Biblical cloak of many colours is attained. The artistic colouring and character of these good ribbons is such that the most daring contrasts seem to *marry* harmoniously. For the deep bordering about the edge a rose-coloured velvet or velveteen is suggested, this likewise fashioning the quaint Capuchin collar, which together with the fronts is weighted with a tassel of many coloured strands of silk or wool, and for the lining Chinese ninon. For sheer daring and a veritable orgy of colour it will be necessary to travel very far and wide to find this little *chef d'œuvre* beaten. It is the epitome of clever resource.

A WRAP OF MANY COLOURS
Built of wide ribbon lengths

Just how many an evening dress owes its success to a clever corsage of gay coloured or metal brocade ribbon it would be impossible to relate in the short space at my command, but the fact may be accepted that a judicious purchase on this score can always be safely relied upon to retrieve some situation or another.

Black Crêpe de Chine Undies

"NEVER mind the why or wherefore," but take all you can in the way of black *crêpe de Chine* underwear while the fancy is with the elect in the *lingerie* world. The models are fascinating to a degree, and planned, *cela va sans dire*, on the simplest lines. Very little lace is used as trimming, but there is nothing to grumble about in that, the washing net substitute (how used we are getting to substitutes nowadays to be sure!) being absolutely adorable, either used as *entre deux*, little kilted frills, or, perhaps best and most effective of all, *bouillonnées*, when threadings of coloured satin ribbon add further distinction and charm to the decorative scheme. Wee embroidered flowers in natural colours wander round and about the top of *robe de nuit*, chemise, and combination, and other touches of hand embroidery in which scalloped buttonholing and a heavy blanket stitch are well in favour.

Naturally, with the decreed slim silhouette, the fewer under garments worn the better, and to this end there is being exploited a chemise with

(*Continued on page 376*)